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Miscellany.

GREEK INSURRECTION—ACCOUNT OF THE POPULATION OF EUROPEAN TURKEY.*

Are these the vales, that once exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? The mountains these
On whose high blooming sides my sons of old
I bred to glory? These dejected towns,
Where mean and servile life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?

THOMSON.

The seeds of political change are scattered in such abundance through the world at the present day, that before one great national movement has closed, another opens; and the people of Europe, for a long time to come, are likely always to have before their eyes, the animating spectacle of some nation struggling for the recovery of its rights. The more intelligent communities see the defects of their institutions; the more ignorant are excited by the pressure of intolerable grievances. Reasons to justify revolution, and multitudes prepared to embark in it, have increased, are increasing, and ought to increase over all continental Europe. And it is a striking instance of the mortification which often attends the deepest laid human schemes, that the peace of 1815, by which the Holy Alliance vainly imagined they had put an end to all political changes, has been the prolific source of a greater number of revolutions than ever occurred in the world in the same space of time.

The design of the insurrection now begun in Moldavia and Wallachia, is to rescue European Turkey from the Mahometan yoke. No object could be more desirable, and none would be more easy of attainment, if the people were sufficiently enlightened to see their own interest. The Turkish dominions in Europe, though equal in extent to France, or very nearly twice as large as the British isles, do not contain above seven or eight millions of inhabitants; and of these, excluding the inhabitants of Constantinople, not one-tenth part are Turks. The government, a wretched compound of the ignorance of the tenth century, and the feebleness of a worn-out despotism, seems ready to fall to pieces of itself. Its lieutenants openly insult its authority; its revenues are inadequate to any continual exertion; its armies are a disorderly herd, without discipline, tactics or activity, more formidable to the unarmed peasants, whose fields they desolate, than to the enemy. That a government so

* From the Scotsman.

disorganized, so feeble in its resources, and supported by so small a number of adherents, should rule seven millions of men by fear alone, and subject them to every species of insult and injury, gives a deplorable view of the degradations produced by long continued slavery. Though the Turks, compared with other nations in the same semibarbarous state, are neither peculiarly cruel, nor peculiarly corrupt, their system has all the worst evils of cruelty and corruption. Their pride, ignorance, and indolence, are a prolific source of misrule to their miserable subjects; self-preservation compels them to silence complaints which they cannot redress; and religious bigotry teaches them to regard the property, the happiness, and the lives of millions of Christians, as dust in the balance when weighed against any object which may contribute to secure or promote their faith. A common religion has a healing influence in the commerce between master and slave; but when the rigours of slavery are aggravated by the scorn and contempt generated by hostile creeds, the cup of bitterness is drained to the dregs.

We would wish to anticipate a favourable issue to this revolutionary movement; but we cannot forget how many attempts of the same kind have miscarried. The Turkish government, though badly conducted, has a certain source of security, in the religious enthusiasm, complete union, and devoted attachment of its Musselmen subjects; in the great variety of the Christian tribes occupying its territories, who are too strongly separated by diversity of manners and language to co-operate in any common design; and in the debilitating effect of slavery on the characters of this class of its subjects.

Exclusive of the Turks themselves, European Turkey is inhabited by five different nations—the Greeks—Albanians—Wallachians—Bulgarians—and the Slavonic tribes, who occupy Servia, Bosnia, and Croatia. Of these the Greeks probably amount to about two millions, the Wallachians (including Moldavians) are estimated by Mr. Thornton at a million, and by Mr. Wilkinson at a million and a half; the Bulgarians, judging from the territory they occupy, may amount to a million and a half; the Albanians to a million; and the Servians, Bosnians, and Croats, to a million more; making in all seven millions, who are misruled and oppressed by a handful of Turks. Were these various people to unite to avenge their common wrongs, the power of the Turks would come to an end in an instant. But the latter, rude as they are, understand the policy of tyrants to “divide and govern;” and the strong bond of union which the former have in a common religion, (with some few exceptions,) and a common hatred of their rulers, is not sufficient to counteract the effect of the circumstances which divide them. Each of these nations, as we learn from major Leake, has a language of its own; each is distinguished by peculiar manners, customs, and prejudices; and each inhabits a separate district, except the Greeks, who, though most numerous in the country properly called Greece, are yet found dispersed through all the towns of European Turkey, generally engaged in trade. Out of this diversity of manners and language have arisen strong national jealousies and antipathies, of which the Turks know how to avail themselves. When the Greeks of the Morea rose in arms in 1770, they were put down, not by the Turks themselves, but by the Albanians. Against these Albanians the Turks are now in their turn employing the Slavonic tribes, and the Bulgarians of Macedonia. It is thus that these nations play into the hands of their tyrants, by their mutual and groundless animosities, and become tools for keeping one another in slavery.

Though the present movement is dignified with the name of a Greek

insurrection, it has arisen in a country remote from Greece, and where the number of Greeks is very inconsiderable. The Greeks do not rank high in the military virtues; but the Wallachians, upon whose courage and zeal more will depend in the first instance, rank still lower, and have, in fact, been more degraded than any other nation under the Turkish yoke. "There does not exist," says Mr. Wilkinson, "a people labouring under a greater degree of oppression from the effect of despotic power, and more heavily burdened with impositions and taxes, than the peasantry of Wallachia and Moldavia; nor any who would bear half their weight with the same patience and resignation. Accustomed, however, to a state of servitude, which to others would appear intolerable, they are unable to form hopes of a better condition; the habitual depression of their minds has become a sort of natural stupor and apathy, which renders them equally indifferent to the enjoyments of life, as to pangs of anguish and affliction." "They become indolent," says Mr. Thornton, "because they cannot ameliorate their condition by exertion; as they become treacherous, because treachery is employed to discover and extort from them their scanty savings. Their features are contracted by care and anxiety; their bodies are debilitated by idleness and deficiency of nutriment; and drunkenness, as it lightens the immediate pressure of misery, completes in them the debasement of the distinguishing faculties of rational nature." "Instead of the rude and hardy virtues of their barbarian ancestors, they retain only a stubbornness in refusing what they know will be wrested from them; an obstinacy in withholding what they dare not defend: they seem to think it folly to yield till they have been beaten, though they do not even dream of making resistance. The few Turks who travel through the country; the Greeks who pillage, rather than govern it; the Germans and Russians, who generally occupy it at the first opening of the campaign, all employ the same coercive measures: an Austrian corporal distributes blows before he condescends to explain in what manner he must be obeyed." Of their pusillanimity, Mr. Wilkinson has recorded a memorable instance. When a Vaivoide of the country, early in the last century, endeavoured to make himself independent, a Capigee Bashi, with a hundred Turkish soldiers, marched through the country, and seized the Vaivoide in the midst of his adherents, in the town of Buckorest, containing eighty thousand inhabitants now, and perhaps nearly as many then. The morals of the Wallachians are very loose; their religion is a miserable superstition, which keeps them idle two-thirds of the year, by its numerous fasts and holidays; and nurses a swarm of fifteen thousand priests, who are the most depraved part of the population. The Boyars, or privileged class, who amount to the enormous number of thirty thousand in Wallachia alone, have the insolent and rapacious habits of feudal nobles, without one spark of their honour or courage. They tremble in the presence of the Hospodar or prince, and submit to the most revolting indignities from him, though he is himself the slave of the low minions of the seraglio. When Mr. Thornton was at Yassy, the capital of Moldavia, a *boyar* of the first class was accused of fraud in supplying the city with bread. "He was led into the great hall of the palace, and immediately threw himself at the feet of the prince, as he advanced towards him, holding in his hand the sceptre or staff of authority. The prince continued for some time to distribute his blows at random on the body of the culprit, retreating all the while, in order to prevent the boyar, who kept crawling after him, from kissing his feet, and obtaining forgiveness before he had sufficiently expiated his offence." These Wallachians so

abject and debased, are believed to be the offspring of Roman colonies, mixed with the ancient Dacians, a people renowned above almost all the barbarous nations of antiquity for high spirit, courage, and contempt of life.

The Greeks are lively, active, intelligent, but crafty and hypocritical, prompt to engage in enterprises, but not distinguished for courage, and easily disheartened by difficulties. Those who live among the Turks have, in general, the duplicity and cowardice of slaves; but those who dwell by themselves in the islands, or in mountainous districts, are brave, hardy, and enterprising, but piratical and ferocious. The best feature in the character of the modern Greeks is their strong national spirit. The ancient glories of their country are still often in their mouths and in their memories, and they long ardently to emancipate themselves from their present degraded situation. The Suliotes, to whom prince Ypsilanti affects to appeal, in his address, have ceased to exist. They were distinguished above all the other Greeks by their courage; but they were exterminated by the Pasha Ali in 1809, after a long contest.

Of the Bulgarians little is known. Those in the low country, near the Danube, are probably as much enslaved as the Wallachians. Those in the mountains are described by Pouqueville as a simple and rude, but brave and hardy race, often engaged in petty warfare with their masters the Turks.

The Albanians are well known as the best soldiers in the Ottoman empire. They possess the military virtues in the highest degree, but are scarcely capable of discipline, and are, therefore, chiefly serviceable as irregulars. The Croats, Bosnians, and Servians, distributed along the most advanced frontiers of Turkey, closely resemble the Albanians in their military character. They form a sort of border militia, and are always familiar with the use of arms. It has been attributed to their superior courage, activity, and skill, aided by the strength of the country, that Austria has made so little impression on the Turkish territories on that side, while Russia has been able to conquer entire provinces on the other.

From this account of the different people who occupy European Turkey, it will be seen that no country can be in more favourable circumstances for the oppressed forming a union against their oppressors. The various tribes are separated by difference of language, which more than any other circumstance makes men strangers to one another; by diversity of manners and character, and by old and deeply rooted jealousies and antipathies. They are so equally balanced in point of numbers, that no one predominates sufficiently to become a leader to the rest; and either the neutrality or opposition of one or two would give an ascendancy to the Turks. The Turks, badly organized as they are, are not more destitute of discipline and military skill than the parties they will have to contend with; and they have the confidence which power and acknowledged superiority gives. The Greeks and Wallachians, among whom the rebellion has originated, are the least warlike of all these nations. It is a favourable circumstance, indeed, that the Albanians are at present at war with the Turks; but the crafty Ali will probably avail himself of this new diversion in his favour, by making peace with the Musselmans, and stipulating for some advantage as the price of joining his forces to theirs, and assisting them in suppressing an insurrection which he has, perhaps, been instrumental in exciting. This is a course of policy perfectly in unison with his character. Still, though a firm union among the nations tributary to the Turks is improbable, it is not impossible. The

cordial support of Russia would have perhaps effected this. Though Alexander published an instant disavowal of all connexion with the enterprise, it does not follow that he is not secretly abetting it. The character of the nations engaged in it leaves him no reason to dread that their success would lead to the establishment of a free government—a greater *nuisance* in his eyes than a Mahometan despotism. And he would necessarily obtain two or three rich provinces as the price of his assistance. At the same time, should he really be sincere in his professions, it would be extremely gratifying to see the Holy Alliance, joined by the Pope, sending armies and money to support the doctrines of the Prophet, and to perpetuate the slavery of seven millions of Christians. Surely the British ministry would also send a fleet with orders to preserve strict neutrality, unless any insult were offered to the Sultan and his concubines.

TOMLINE'S LIFE OF PITT.

(Concluded from p. 39.)

In the year 1784, Mr. Pitt was elected for the University of Cambridge; and his biographer traces the parliamentary session in which the principal measures were those of finance and the India bills, which the minister carried through in his new house with great majorities. The Westminster scrutiny was also the subject of much fiery debate; and we observe that the bishop falls into a legal mistake in his report of Mr. Pitt's famous speech on that occasion. He makes the speaker, in laying down the law of the case say, "Now, sir, to bring this point of law more directly into the cognizance of the house, I will state a case—A writ is issued to the sheriff, (in an action of debt) called a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, ordering him to seize the goods of A, and this is followed by another, called a *venditioni exponas*, and is returnable by a certain day; the sheriff, in prosecution of his writ, seizes the goods, in order to put them up to sale." As Mr. Pitt was educated to the bar, he could not have made this blunder. The writ must have been a *fieri facias*, and not a *capias ad satisfaciendum*; the latter writ being against the *person* only, and not against the *goods*.

But it is not surprising that such displays of oratory as Mr. Pitt's best speeches were, should have but scant justice done to them in the Journals. We have always understood that he was most difficult to report; every word lost being a loss of fitness, force, or elegance; and so much was this impressed on the minds of several of his intimate friends, that (as we have been informed) they themselves tried on one or two important occasions to write out what they had heard from his mouth and get him to correct the MS.* But with all their advantages they failed, and the speeches were afterwards left to their usual course in the newspapers, which gave generally correct outlines, but could not convey any thing like an adequate idea of the power and brilliancy of the original.

It is not our intention to pursue the thread of politics, but rather to quote such passages as are most striking, or lead to some observation applicable to the present period. In 1786 the national debt was the subject. "Mr. Pitt informed the house, that the income of the country, as calculated by the select committee, for the year ending at the preceding Michaelmas, amounted to 15,379,182*l.* and for the year ending at Christmas, to 15,397,471*l.* the difference between which sums was less than 20,000*l.*"

* But Mr. Pitt declared that he could not recollect what he had said.

He then proceeded to impose taxes amounting to 100,000*l.* which added to a surplus revenue of 900,000*l.* would make a million for the redemption of the national debt, of the pressure and magnitude of which he spoke with great concern, though not in a tone of despair. "Mr. Pitt passed the morning of this day, in providing the calculations which he had to state, and in examining the resolutions which he had to move; and at last he said that he would go and take a short walk by himself, that he might arrange in his mind what he had to say in the house. He returned in a quarter of an hour, and told me he believed he was prepared. After dressing himself, he ordered dinner to be sent up; and learning at that moment that his sister (who was then living in the house with him,) and a lady with her, were going to dine at the same early hour, he desired that their dinner might be sent up with his, and that they might dine together. He passed nearly an hour with these ladies, and several friends who called in their way to the house, talking with his usual liveliness and gaiety as if having nothing upon his mind: he then went immediately to the House of Commons, and made this 'elaborate and far-extended speech,' as Mr. Fox called it, without one omission or error."

The year 1786 was remarkable for the commercial treaty with France, the continuance of the Hasting's prosecution, &c. in public affairs; and Mr. Pitt's life was marked with one gloomy spot, for in this year he lost his only remaining sister, Lady Harriot Eliot, who died five days after the birth of her first child. "It was (says his biographer) my melancholy office to attend this very superior and truly excellent woman in her last moments; and afterwards to soothe, as far as I was able, the sufferings of her afflicted husband and brother—sufferings which I shall not attempt to describe. It was long before Mr. Pitt could see any one but myself, or transact any business except through me. Lady Harriot had been an inmate in his house till within some months of her death; and with the warmest feelings of mutual affection, they had always lived upon terms of the utmost confidence. Never were brother and sister more worthy of each other. Mr. Eliot had been a fellow collegian with Mr. Pitt, and his most intimate friend; a circumstance which made this connexion more gratifying to both, and the dissolution of it more painful. From this moment Mr. Eliot took up his residence in Mr. Pitt's house, and they continued to live like brothers." Mr. Eliot died in 1797, and his daughter in 1806, married Colonel, now Sir William Pringle, K. C. B.

The king's illness in 1788 was a memorable event. It was in compliance with a note from Mr. Pitt, so great was his influence on his royal master's mind, even in the state in which it then was, that the king consented to leave Windsor for Kew, which he had previously refused to do. The Regency Bill presents very important political considerations; but we pass them by to make a short extract touching that gratifying event which rendered it unnecessary. This bill had arrived at its second reading in the House of Lords on the 19th February, 1789, when the lord chancellor in consequence of the king's convalescency, moved an adjournment of the committee to the 24th. "This unexpected intelligence was received by the house, with the highest satisfaction; and, after short speeches from Lord Stormont, and the Duke of York, the adjournment took place. On the 23d, the king wrote his first letter to Mr. Pitt, desiring to see him the next morning at Kew: it was short, but his majesty mentioned, with great feeling and kindness, 'the support and anxiety shown by the nation at large, during his long illness;' and 'Mr. Pitt's constant attachment to his interest, and that of the public.' From which it appears,

that his majesty had already been made acquainted with the steps taken, in consequence of his indisposition.

"On the 24th, the lord chancellor informed the House of Lords, that he had been admitted to several interviews with his majesty: he had been in his presence at one time, for an hour and a quarter, and that day for a full hour; during both which times, he had found the posture of his majesty's mind to be clear and distinct; so much so, that he appeared perfectly capable of conversing on any subject. Under these circumstances, he thought it right to propose an adjournment to the Monday following, to which no objection was made; and, on that day, a farther adjournment took place to the Thursday, in the same week, when the lord chancellor stated to the house, that his majesty found his health so fully established, that he hoped, on the following Tuesday, to communicate to the parliament such other business, as was necessary to be laid before them, for their consideration and despatch. The house adjourned to that day.

"The House of Commons received, from Mr. Pitt, the same information relative to the state of his majesty's health, and the intended communication of public business; and similar adjournments took place without any discussion. The caution of ministers, in thus deferring the exercise of the royal functions, was very generally commended.

"The bulletins signed by the physicians, and the assurances from the lord chancellor and Mr. Pitt, were considered as a sufficient testimony of the king's recovery."

The king's visit to St. Paul's to thank God for his recovery, is simply and affectingly related.

"On the day appointed for this act of pious gratitude, the king, accompanied by the queen and royal family, and attended by the two houses of parliament, the great officers of state, the judges and the foreign ambassadors, and surrounded by unexampled crowds of people, who viewed the procession in reverential silence, went to St Paul's. His majesty was received at the west end of the church, by the bishop of London, the dean, and the residentiaries. A martial band stationed near the door, played appropriate music, till his majesty reached the area, under the great dome, when it ceased; and instantly the organ, accompanied by the voices of above five thousand children of the city charity schools, who were placed upon circular seats, gradually rising between the pillars on both sides, began the hundredth psalm. The simple melody, joined to the spectacle, evidently affected the king; and as he was walking between the bishop of London and myself, he turned to me, and said, with great emotion, 'I now feel that I have been ill.' He then stopped, but soon recovering himself, proceeded to the choir. The humility with which his majesty knelt down, upon first entering his seat, and the fervour with which he seemed to pour forth his thanksgivings and prayers, made a lasting impression on the minds of those, who were near enough to observe him. Indeed, throughout the service, which was adapted to the solemn occasion, and in the whole of this interesting and awful scene, eminently calculated to awaken pious and grateful feelings, nothing was so striking, as the earnest and uninterrupted devotion of his majesty, manifestly proceeding from a heart truly sensible of a recent and gracious interposition of Divine Providence." * * * *

Though his majesty continued free from any return of mental indisposition, yet his constitution had received so severe a shock, that he recovered his health and strength very slowly;* and it was thought more pru-

* In his letters to Mr. Pitt, during the session of parliament, he frequently complained of not being well; and it appears that Dr. Willis and his son occasionally visited the

dent, that he should not go in person to put an end to the session. Parliament was therefore prorogued by commission on the 11th of August."

The French Revolution now succeeds in occupying the page; and it strikes us that the writer has not endeavoured to impart originality to this branch of his subject; or in other words, we think we have read a very similar relation of that dreadful conflict. It is mentioned in a note, on the authority of the duke of Dorset, that it was Mr. Jefferson, the American minister at Paris, who advised the leaders of the tiers etat to take the revolutionary name of L'Assemblée Nationale. The picture of France, and especially of Paris, at that time, is well drawn in the following.

"Mr. Eden gave the following account to Mr. Pitt, in a letter written from Paris, August 27th, 1789. 'It would lead me too far to enter into the strange and unhappy particulars of the present situation of this country. The anarchy is most complete: the people have renounced every idea and principle of subordination; the magistracy (so far as there remain any traces of magistracy) is panic struck; the army is utterly undone; and the soldiers are so freed from military discipline, that on every discontent, and in the face of day, they take their arms and knapsacks, and leave their regiments: the church, which formerly had so much influence, is now in general treated by the people with derision; the revenue is greatly and rapidly decreasing amidst the disorders of the time: even the industry of the labouring class is interrupted and suspended. In short, the prospect in every point of view, is most alarming: and it is sufficient to walk into the streets, and to look at the faces of those who pass, to see, that there is a general impression of calamity and terror. Such a state of things must come soon to a crisis; and the anxiety to be restored to order and security, would soon tend to establish, in some shape, an executive government, but there is a cruel want of some man of eminent talents to take the lead. I know personally all who are most conspicuous at present, and I see no man equal in any degree to the task which presents itself.'"

In June, 1790, Mr. Pitt was unanimously chosen high steward of the university of Cambridge; soon after which, Europe became involved in those wars, which lasted, with so little intermission, to 1815, and in which this statesman acted so extraordinary a part. Into the history of this mighty struggle we abstain from entering; and must hasten to the conclusion of the work, where we find a curious account of the differences between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow, which led to the dismissal of the latter, in May, 1792.

"From the commencement of Mr. Pitt's administration, to the period of the king's illness, the lord chancellor acted with the utmost zeal and cordiality as a member of the cabinet; but during the proceedings in parliament, to which that unhappy event gave rise, a great alteration took place in his conduct; to such a degree indeed, that upon several occasions, Mr. Pitt felt by no means confident, what part he would take in the debates in the House of Lords. In all the discussions, however, relative to the regency, he invariably, and with apparent sincerity, supported the principles and measures of Mr. Pitt; but not entirely without suspicion, at the moment of the greatest difficulty, of a disposition to pursue an op-

king, both at Kew and at Windsor, in April, May, and June, which was not owing to any actual return of the mental disorder, but because they were thought the best judges of the system which ought to be pursued for the entire removal of the effects produced upon his majesty's general health by his long illness, and perhaps for the prevention of a relapse.

posite line, in consequence of his being admitted to frequent interviews with the prince of Wales. Whether the amendment which took place in the king's health, had any influence in this respect, it is impossible to know. After his majesty's recovery, the same coolness and reserve towards Mr. Pitt continued and gradually increased, although there was no difference of opinion upon any political question, nor did there appear any other cause for dissatisfaction. * * *

"One of the members of the cabinet, who had been intimately acquainted, as well as politically connected with the lord chancellor for many years, repeatedly remonstrated with him, upon his present conduct towards Mr. Pitt, which he represented to be the subject of serious concern to all their colleagues, and earnestly pressed him, both for public and private reasons, to state openly and candidly his ground of complaint; assuring him that no offence or neglect had been intended, and that Mr. Pitt was ready to enter into an explanation upon any point he might wish. This friendly interposition entirely failed. No explicit answer could be obtained; nor did the chancellor mention a single objection to Mr. Pitt's public measures, or specify one instance of inattention to himself. He persevered in taking every opportunity of marking his personal dislike of Mr. Pitt, though constantly warned of the unreasonableness and unavoidable consequence of such behaviour; and at last his spleen broke forth in a violent censure of a bill, to which he knew Mr. Pitt annexed the greatest importance; and he actually voted against it without having given any previous notice of his intention. Mr. Pitt, who had shown more forbearance than any other man would have done under similar circumstances, had now no alternative. Neither the good of the public service, nor a regard to his own feelings and character, would allow him to submit to such an indignity; and on the following morning, he respectfully submitted to the king, the impossibility of his remaining in office with the lord chancellor, and the consequent necessity of his majesty's making his choice between them. The king was in some degree prepared for this communication; and the lord chancellor was immediately acquainted, by his majesty's command, that he must resign the seals."

One quotation more must close our extracts: it is extremely interesting in every point of view.

"By the death of Lord Guilford, on the 5th of August, in this year, the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, worth about 3,000*l.* a year, became vacant; and the king immediately offered it to Mr. Pitt, in the following most gracious and pressing terms:

"Windsor, August 6, 1792.—Having this morning received the account of the death of the earl of Guilford, I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt, that the wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office, for which I will not receive any recommendations; having positively resolved to confer it on him, as a mark of that regard, which his eminent services have deserved from me. I am so bent on this, that I shall seriously be offended at any attempt to decline. I have intimated these my intentions to the earl of Chatham, lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas."

"His majesty, knowing that Mr. Pitt was at Burton Pynsent, on a visit to his mother, sent the above letter to Mr. Dundas, in London, adding, 'Mr. Dundas is to forward it with a few lines from himself, expressing, that I will not admit of this favour being declined. I desire that lord Chatham may also write, and that Mr. Dundas will take the first opportunity of acquainting lord Grenville with the step I have taken.'"

This appointment, Mr. Pitt having been nine years prime minister, felt himself entitled gratefully to accept.

The volume closes in 1793, but furnishes nothing more worthy of observation. The private life of Mr. Pitt is promised; and we look for its appearance with a strong anticipation of its being a valuable publication, and one infinitely more attractive than the present, into which it may be wished that the author had infused a little more of anecdote to enliven its dry details. Such, for example, as the well-known bon-mot of Mr. Pitt's, on the militia bill discussions; when an opposition member emphatically proposed a clause to restrain that force from going out of the kingdom—to which the premier whispered across the table the *argumentum ad absurdum* amendment, "*except in cases of actual invasion!*"

In domestic life, however, there will be a richer field for this species of embellishment; and we trust it will be reaped; as we are acquainted with not a few particulars which would greatly adorn a biographical memoir.

FROM AN ESSAY ON THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE
BLIND. BY DR. GUILLIE.

During the time, says Dr. Guillié, that the institutions of the blind and of the deaf and dumb were united in the convent, formerly of the Celestines, the pupils of the two establishments, brought together by their habitation, but separated by their infirmity, endeavoured to establish points of contact between each other. The heads of the two houses, far from disapproving of this connexion, favoured it, being convinced that it could not but be advantageous to creatures, whom a sort of confraternity of misfortune led to seek each other.

Both had already received some instruction; for I cannot imagine what mode of communication could be established between the blind and the deaf and dumb, who had learnt nothing. Their situation, I suppose, would be like that of a child without experience, that must be shown every thing. I am therefore going to speak, not of the blind in a state of nature, but of the blind who have been taught.

When the blind had learnt that the deaf and dumb spoke to each other in the dark, by writing on their back, they conceived that this method might succeed also with them, as in fact it did. This new language soon became common to the two families; the deaf and dumb, who found it tiresome to have written on their back what they could see perfectly well, attempted to make the blind write in the air, as they do themselves: this means, which was as long as the former, appeared to them more uncertain, as the blind wrote ill in that way; they therefore preferred the characters the latter made use of; but as these characters cannot be easily transported, the dumb taught the blind their manual alphabet, and the one by sight, and the other by touch, easily found by the inspection of their fingers, the letters that are formed by their different combinations. Nevertheless, this manual alphabet, only exhibiting words, slackened conversation amazingly. They felt the want of a more rapid communication, and the blind learnt the theory of the signs of the deaf and dumb: each sign thus representing a thought, the communication was complete. This study was long and tedious, because it supposes a pretty complete knowledge of grammar; but the wish to talk got the better of all these difficulties, and in a few months, the signs being perfectly well known, took place of all the other means till then employed. The exchange between them was performed in the following manner:

When the blind had to speak to the deaf and dumb, he made the repre-

sentative signs of his ideas, and these signs more or less exactly made, transmitted to the deaf and dumb the idea of the blind.* When the deaf and dumb, in his turn, wished to make himself understood, he did it in two ways: he stood with his arms stretched out and motionless, before the blind person, who took hold of him a little above the wrists, and without squeezing them, followed all the motions they made; or if it happened that the signs were not understood, the blind man put himself in the place of the deaf and dumb, who then took hold of his arms in the same manner, and moving them about, as he would have done his own, before a person who could see, he filled up the deficiencies of the first operation, and thus completed the series of ideas which he wished to communicate to his companion.

But the degree of instruction of the scholars not being the same, they could not make use of the signs equally well; and supplied them by all the means which their inventive imagination could suggest. It was an extraordinary sight to behold a pantomime acted in the most profound silence by 150 children, anxious to understand each other, and not always succeeding; tired out with long and useless attempts, and often ending, like the builders of Babel, by separating without being able to understand each other; but at the same time not without having given reciprocal proofs of bad humour, by striking as the deaf do, or screaming like the blind.

Some years back, probably five or six, a young gentleman of the name of Arrowsmith, a member of the Royal Academy at Somerset-House, of what degree I cannot remember, came down into this country, and resided some months in Warrington, in the exercise of his profession as a miniature and portrait painter. He was quite deaf, so as to be entirely dumb. He had been taught to write, and wrote an elegant hand, in which he was enabled to express his own ideas with facility; he was also able to read and understand the ideas of others expressed in writing. It will scarcely be credited, that a person thus circumstanced should be fond of music, but this was the fact in the case of Mr. Arrowsmith. He was at a gentleman's glee club, of which I was president at that time, and as the glees were sung, he would place himself near some articles of wooden furniture, or a partition, door, or window-shutter, and would fix the extreme end of his finger nails, which he kept rather long, upon the edge of the wood or some projecting part of it, and there remain, until the piece under performance was finished, all the while expressing, by the most significant gestures, the pleasure he experienced from his perception of the musical sounds. He was not so much pleased with a solo, as with a pretty full clash of harmony; and if the music was not very good, or, I should rather say, if it was not correctly executed, he would show no sensation of pleasure. But the most extraordinary circumstance in this case is, that he was most evidently delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating his different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure he received within any bounds; for the delight he evinced seem to border on ecstasy.

This was expressed most remarkably at our club when the glee was sung, with which we often conclude; it is by Stevens, and begins with the words, "Ye spotted Snakes," &c. from Shakspeare's *Midsummer's Night*

* It is unnecessary to observe that the difficulty of these communications is increased by the want of the signs of the physiognomy, and of a part of the gestures and motions of the body, which the blind man cannot appreciate, and of which he has not even an idea; for, in speaking, the blind remain without motion and expression.

Dream. In the 2d stanza, on the words, "Weaving spiders come not here," &c. there is some modulation of the kind above alluded to; and here Mr. Arrowsmith would be in raptures, such as would not be exceeded by one who was in immediate possession of the sense of hearing.

These facts are very extraordinary ones; and that they are facts can be proved by the evidence of six or eight gentlemen who were present, and by turns observed him accurately.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CONTEMPORARY FEMALE GENIUS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR—At no period of our history has Female genius triumphed more than in our own days. At the present time there are living not less than twenty-four ladies of pre-eminent talents as writers in various departments of literature and philosophy, whose names deserve to be specially enumerated, and whose several works and superior pretensions deserve to be treated at large in your pages. For the present, I shall name them as they occur to my mind, and not presume to class them in the order of merit. These brief notices justify me, however, in calling the attention of writers of greater power to the subject.

MRS. BARBAULD, distinguished during fifty years, by her elegant productions in verse and prose.

MRS. HANNAH MORE, for nearly an equal period, by various moral and controversial writings; not inferior for style and energy of mind to any thing produced by the other sex.

MRS. RADCLIFFE, who as a novelist, may be ranked among the first geniuses of the age and country.

MISS EDGEWORTH, a distinguished writer of novels, moral compositions, and works of education.

MISS CULLEN, the amiable and ingenious authoress of *Mornton*, and *Home*; novels distinguished for their benevolent sentiments and spirited composition, honourable alike to her heart and head.

MRS. OPIE, whose various works in verse and prose, are distinguished for their originality, ingenuity, good taste and elegant composition.

MRS. INCHBALD, who as a dramatist and novelist, has produced various works which will ever rank high among the classics of our language.

MISS HUTTON, respectable as a novelist, powerful as a general writer, and able as a philosophical geographer, as proved by her recent work on *Africa*.

MISS H. M. WILLIAMS, who though long resident in Paris, may be claimed as an English woman, and is an honour to the genius of her countrywomen, in history, politics, eloquence, and poetry.

MRS. CAPPE, a lady whose strength of understanding and powers of diction have led her to grapple with subjects of the highest order, and she has published several works in theology, education, and biography.

MISS PORTER, a novelist of the first rank in the powers of eloquent composition, whose *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and other works, will long be standards in the language.

MISS BENDER, who figures with equal distinction as a novelist, historian, and critic.

MRS. GRANT, who has distinguished herself in morals, philosophy, and the belles lettres.

MRS. MARCET, who has proved her powers of mind in her *Conversations on Natural Philosophy*, &c.

MRS. LOWRY, who writes and lectures with great ability on mineralogy and geology.

MISS OWENSON, (Lady Morgan) whose powers of eloquent writing, and moral and political reasoning, are not surpassed by any author of her time.

MRS. WAKEFIELD, compiler of many useful and ingenious works for the use of children and schools.

MRS. IBETSON, whose discoveries with the microscope on the Physiology of Plants, ranks her high among experimental philosophers.

MISS HERSCHEL, whose ingenuity and industry in astronomical observation, have obtained her a splendid reputation throughout the civilized world.

MISS AIKIN, niece of Mrs. Barbauld, who soaring above productions of mere taste and fancy, has in her *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, proved her powers in history and philosophy.

MRS. GRAHAM, the able writer of several volumes of travels, which are distinguished for their sound philosophy and enlightened views of society.

M. D'ARBLAY (Miss Burney) whose *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and other novels, place her among the first and most original writers of any age.

MISS BAILLIE, whose *Plays on the Passions* and other productions are highly esteemed by every person of good taste.

Besides others of less celebrity, but perhaps equal merit, whose names are not present to the recollection of the writer.

Few persons, till they behold this enumeration, will have suspected that our own days could boast such a galaxy of genius in the fair sex; and it may also be questioned whether the other sex can produce a list in many respects of superior pretensions.

IMPARTIALIS.

May, 1821.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

MR. MATURIN'S FORTHCOMING POEM.

Circumstances have, we understand, delayed for a time the publication of the "*Universe*," by Mr. Maturin, which we last month announced to be forthcoming. We have, however, been gratified by a perusal of the poem, and have much pleasure in presenting a passage or two as specimens to our readers. It is in three parts, and evinces poetic genius of a very high order. The following passage, describing the instability of human affairs, seems to us finely expressed:

— here the joyous train,
Zephyrs, and sunbeams, and young flowers of Spring
Breathe life and gladness;—desolation there,
Wan smiling on the landscape, with her cold
Sepulchral index, points from her grey throne
Of most prevailing ruin, to the sweet
Young vales of April, and, with hollow voice,
Taunts the young spirit of delight, with tales
Of other times! Until the gazer feels
The future in the mournful past, and—while
His lonely footsteps strike sounds, deadlier
Than silence, o'er the paths of ancient men,—
Thinks, how—within those proud and populous halls
Where neighbours, kindred, and compatriots dwell,—
How may the same dead echoes be returned
In springs of ages more remote—by sons
Of far posterity! As gentle night
Once veiled the desert, with her silent wings
Most beautiful,—upon the dusky air,
A sound of awful burden, rose from far
Over my spirit;—"Twas the voice of Time!

Another arch had fall'n, among the towers
 Of lone Palmyra:—and the Syrian land,
 From its wide, echoing wastes of regal ruins
 And shattered citadels, replied aloud.
 Far startled in his lair, the desert beast
 Howled his long hymn of desolation, up
 To the starr'd brow of night—who still, o'er head,
 Wore her bright silver frontlet, unperturb'd!

As a companion to the above, we select a description of the comparative permanency of the works of nature.

Come ye! Who rapt in some peculiar lore,
 Self-dazzled—call it wisdom—ye, who think
 The pomps of pride worth gazing—or who love,
 In distant lands, to hunt for monuments
 Of fallen empire, and are struck with awe
 By pillar, arch, or pile,—who stand transfixed
 Where old Pantheon, beautifully vast,
 Uplifts its airy concave—or sublime,
 The sky-aspiring dome of Angelo!
 Come, and behold this Temple:—when still night
 Hath silenced the loud hum of wakeful hours—
 And the lone pulses beat, as if it were
 The general pulse of nature: then, with eye
 Of fix'd and awe-struck meditation, look
 From world to world! See yonder in the South,
 How, with its vast and bright diameter,
 The proudest of the planets seems afar
 Diminish'd to a point; yet there, perchance,
 Are cities with gay spires and towers, above
 The pitch of earthly mountains; still beyond,
 —At sumless distances and thicker far
 Than all earth's living myriads!—hosts of suns
 Throng ether with fix'd rays; or, widely launched
 Sail awful cycles round the throne of heaven
 With their attendant spheres: They are the same
 Enduring constellations seen by them,
 Your Sires, before the flood; still fix'd serene
 O'er yon ethereal vault; that lifts itself
 In distant grandeur.—'Tis the ancient dome,
 Of God's most durable fabric: far beneath,
 Crown'd with her populous kingdoms, Earth revolves!
 An atom in the host of worlds—and still—
 A world to little man—who looks around,
 Within his small circumference, struck with awe
 At his own bulk diminutive, and works,
 The insect monuments of human power,
 From Nature's ampler kingdom won by Time,
 And soon by Time to Nature's sway restored.

We do not feel ourselves at liberty, under circumstances, any further to anticipate the publication of this poem. When, however, it becomes public property, we shall make a little freer with it, and give both ourselves and our readers a more prolonged gratification.

From the British Critic.

MARIA EDGEWORTH'S EARLY LESSONS.

If we were asked to decide upon the most useful species of composition to which an author of talent could devote his lighter hours of literary leisure, we should reply without hesitation, the instruction and improvement of childhood and youth, through some medium judiciously calculated to at-

tract and fix their attention during those momentous years when the heart is open to every impression, and may be moulded by every hand; when the instinctive "longing after better things" may be animated into a principle of action, and the evil propensities unhappily inherent in our nature may be regulated or subdued. It is indeed to be lamented that writers of higher ability are not more frequently induced to make an occasional sacrifice of personal gratification attendant upon productions of greater brilliancy, and to content themselves with a quiet attempt to do good. If such were the case, it would not be so generally imagined that any and every one is clever enough to write books for children, nor would our nurseries be inundated by numberless idle fictions, which not uncommonly awaken the first ideas of the very faults which it is their professed purpose to correct, while the writers of them seem to delight in suggesting crimes, in order to display their punishment, and inventing follies for the pleasure of showing that they are foolish.

With these sentiments it cannot be doubted that we meet the distinguished authoress of so many more aspiring publications with increased respect and admiration as the writer of "Early Lessons." She is certainly most peculiarly suited to the task she has undertaken; the facility with which she has accommodated the language and incidents of the first tales to the taste and comprehension of very young children, can alone be properly estimated by those who have had opportunities of seeing the powerful impression they produce; and the manner in which the little histories gradually swell into greater interest and importance, as the children for whom they are intended increase in years and intelligence, is contrived with admirable dexterity, and evinces a thorough acquaintance with the nature of their ardent and volatile minds.

BEING IN THE STOCKS.

Lord Camden once presided at a trial, in which a charge was brought against a magistrate for false imprisonment, and for setting the plaintiff in the stocks. The counsel for the magistrate, in his reply, said, the charges were trifling, particularly that of setting in the stocks, which every body knew was no punishment at all. The chief justice rose, and leaning over the bench, said in a half whisper, "Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" "In the stocks, my lord! no, never." "Then I have," said his lordship, "and I assure you, brother, it is no such trifle as you represent." His lordship's knowledge of the stocks, arose from the following circumstance. When he was on a visit to lord Dacre, his brother-in-law, at Alveley in Essex, he walked out one day with a gentleman remarkable for his absence of mind. When they had reached a hill, at some distance from the house, his lordship sat down on the parish stocks, which stood by the road side; and after some time, asked his companion to open them, as he wished to know what the punishment was; this being done, the absent gentleman took a book from his pocket, and sauntered about, until he forgot both the judge and his situation, and returned to lord Dacre's house. When the judge was tired of the experiment he had so rashly made, he found himself unable to open the stocks; and asked a countryman who passed by, to assist him. "No, no, old gentleman," replied Hodge, "you was not set there for nothing." Lord C—— protested his innocence, but in vain; the countryman walked on, and left his lordship to meditate for some time longer on his foolish situation, until some of lord D's servants, chancing to pass that way, released him.

Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

The discoveries of professor Oersted of Copenhagen, which so clearly establish the connexion between magnetism and voltaic electricity, have been considered so important as to induce the Royal Society of London to vote him the Copley medal. A summary of these highly interesting results will be found in many of the journals of science.

Natural History.—M. Adolphus Brogniart has discovered in the ponds of the forest of Fontainebleau a new *crustacea*, which he has named *lim-nadia*, and which is particularly remarkable for its size. It appears to form a very distinct species. All the individuals which Mr. B. has remarked, to the number of a thousand, had eggs upon their backs. He has not yet been able to account for this striking peculiarity.

Mercurial Atmosphere.—Mr. Faraday, chemical operator at the Royal Institution of London, has found that when a thin stratum of mercury rests in the bottom of a clear phial, a piece of gold leaf carefully suspended from the stopper, becomes in the course of a few weeks whitened by a quantity of mercury; through every part of the bottle the mercury remains just as before.

The Niger.—It is at length ascertained, that this river empties itself into the Atlantic ocean, a few degrees to the northward of the equator.

This important fact is confirmed by the arrival in England of M. Dupuis from Africa. This gentleman was consul at Ashantee. He is acquainted with the Arabic and Moorish languages, and got his intelligence by conversing with different traders with whom he fell in at Ashantee. He thought it so important as to warrant his voyage home to communicate to government what he had learnt.

Natural History.—M. Lalande has returned to France, after an absence of two years into the interior of Africa. The whole collection which he has brought home for the Museum of Paris, comprises 15,000 articles, among which are the skeletons and skins of an enormous hippopotamus, a rhinoceros, and three whales, one of which is 75 feet in length.

Paper Roofs.—A manufactory of paper from straw, has been established at Okanion, near Warsaw, the success of which is expected to reduce the price of paper. This manufactory will be confined, for the present, to pasteboard and thick paper. The proprietor, Mr. Asili Henrick, intends to prepare, according to an invention of his own, a kind of paper, fit for roofs, which is to be water and fire proof.

New Telegraph.—The Baron de St. Haouen has presented to the French government a new telegraph, which promises to be of the greatest utility. Experiments have been made with it at Havre de Grace, on sea and land, by day and night, which have succeeded beyond expectation. A commission, composed of naval officers and of the engineers, have made a report upon it to the minister of the interior. The night signals made by it were distinguishable at 4 or 5 leagues distance, even when the moon shone brightly.

Watches.—A patent has been taken out for a new additional movement to a watch, to enable it to be wound up by the pendent knob, without any detached key or winder.

Agriculture.



"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders."

SKETCHES ON PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

BY JOSHUA TYSON.

Abington, February 22, 1821.

Mr. James Worth,

My Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request, I will endeavour to give you a general outline of my opinion of, practice and experience in, those parts of agriculture that have come under my notice.

To the accomplishment of any business, nothing is more essential than to have a general plan laid down. Although agriculture is less susceptible of regular system than many of the mechanic arts, yet not so much so as many of our farmers believe. Economy and proportion are subjects that ought to be closely examined into, and unremitting industry used to carry them into effect.

Of plan and proportion, I shall endeavour to give you a general idea of what I mean. The farm on which I now reside contains about one hundred and five acres, independent of about sixty acres of woodland. This I have divided into ten parts, as near equal as circumstances will permit, with the addition of two lots for raising fruit and garden vegetables. Two parts are permanent meadow, or nearly so, the other eight, (say eighty acres) are arable, divided as follows: ten wheat and rye—ten oats—ten Indian corn—twenty timothy and clover, for mowing, and the remaining thirty pasture, for summer feeding cattle, &c. I mow generally from forty to sixty tons of hay. This hay, with the straw, corn fodder, and stalks, is sufficient to winter from twenty to twenty-five head of cattle, and eight or ten horses, my own, and horses from the city at livery. The manure made from this stock, together with compost, is generally sufficient to manure well, from twelve to fifteen acres. Three good horses and a yoke of good oxen, are, with proper management, sufficient to perform all the work on a farm of this size. The horse is a noble and useful animal, but at the same time a very expensive one; and most farmers keep more than is necessary, hence a considerable source of loss. The cruel practice which most of the men we employ on our farms, of overloading, whipping and straining those animals, deserve much attention from the farmer. I know farmers, from suffering this kind of cruel misconduct, who lose one or two horses every year. This is a heavy deduction from the small profits of a common farm.

Of Raising Grain.—First, of Indian corn. Various modes of culti-

vating this crop have been recommended by different farmers, as being the best. My practice generally has been by breaking up the sod in the fall, winter, or early in the spring, as time and circumstances have best suited. I have found but little difference as to the productiveness of the crop, from either fall or spring ploughing. Fall or winter ploughing has this advantage, it forwards the spring farming, and in cold late springs, the grub or cut worm, and other insects, have not committed so great ravages. The last of April or beginning of May, I harrow the ground twice, with three horses, the teeth sharp, and a weight on the harrow, so as to completely pulverize the surface. Then commence double furrowing, at the distance of about four feet apart, leaving a small ridge or cone between them: then a single furrow across, very shallow, just so as to make a mark, at the distance of five feet. I prefer early planting, say from the first to the tenth of May: three or four grains to the hill is sufficient. Two or three weeks after the corn is up, commence harrowing over the row, raising the middle teeth so as to prevent the corn being torn up. A few days after this operation, should the grass and weeds be springing up, run the hoe harrow between the rows, which will completely clean it, pulverize the ground, and leave it in a fine situation for the growth of the corn. The last of June or beginning of July, perform the last ploughing, not very deep. After harvest, should the grass and weeds be springing up, run the one horse harrow through it. Nothing more until the corn is ripe enough to cut off and shock up. This cutting and shocking is, by some of our farmers, considered a troublesome and expensive job; but from the experience I have had, think it much the best plan. The food it makes for cattle, and the quantity of matter for manure, very amply repays the additional trouble over the old fashioned way of topping and stripping. I have tried most of the various modes of raising corn, that have been recommended, and I think the one above described the best.

Of Oats.—This crop generally follows the corn. After ploughing the ground as early as is possible in the spring, I sow as early in April as the season will permit, about two bushels to the acre; but if the land is very good, I prefer two and a half bushels. I prefer cutting the oats before it is very ripe, and as soon as sufficiently dry get it in, without rain if possible. Thus got in, without rain, the straw is very useful in feeding the out cattle. It is much better than second crop clover hay. I have raised excellent crops of oats sown just after turning down the sod.

Of Wheat.—What I generally sow after the oats crop. I turn down the oats stubble as soon as practicable. A week or two after the ploughing, harrow the ground well. Previous to hauling out the compost and well rotted dung, I strike out the field into six or seven step lands, and plough three bouts of each land. On the ploughed part I haul the compost, from twenty-five to thirty cart loads per acre, and from fifteen to twenty cart loads of well rotted dung. When the manure is thus out, I plough out the middles of the lands, then spread the compost and dung as even as practicable. In the last week of September, or first of October, sow the wheat, about one and a half bushels to the acre; harrow the ground twice; first the same way it was ploughed, the second across. After the harrowing is finished, open all the furrows, and make others if necessary, so as to drain off, after heavy rains or the thawing of snow, all the surplus water. I generally sow the ground as soon as I can with timothy seed, about three or four quarts to the acre.

Of Rye.—Rye grows best on a light sandy soil; but I have had excellent crops from low clayey ground. In such grounds it is a much surer

crop than wheat. One bushel of good seed is sufficient per acre. The ground ought to be thrown into ridges, from six to eight feet in width, the furrows well opened, so as to drain off the surplus water. Water furrowing is a material point in low lands.

Of Buckwheat.—This is a very uncertain crop. It sometimes fails from drought; but most frequently from excessive hot weather and fogs, when it is in bloom, and from early frosts, before the grain is ripe. I have seldom got more than one good crop out of three. It is excellent for reclaiming wild land that is filled with noxious weeds and trash. I have succeeded best from the following mode of cultivation. Break up the ground in the month of May, harrow it well and lime it, say from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre: cross plough the ground about the middle of July, and sow about three pecks of seed per acre, if the ground is good; if not very good, one bushel will not be too much. Buckwheat is of rapid growth in good land, and branches out in proportion to the goodness of the soil. This is the reason why less seed is required in rich than poor land.

Of Barley.—I have not been much in the practice of raising this crop. My soil is rather of a clayey kind. It grows best in a fine light, dry, rich soil. It should be sown as early as possible in the spring, from one and a half to two bushels per acre. I have had it to yield from thirty to forty bushels per acre.

Of Raising Vegetables.—First, of potatoes. In raising this crop, I have tried a variety of modes and seasons of planting. I have planted as early as the 15th of March, and as late as the 3d day of August, both of which were excellent crops. These are the two extremes of my early and late planting. I have planted at almost all times between those two, with various success. I have planted in what is called the right time of the moon, and the opposite. The best crop I ever had was planted in what the knowing ones called the wrong time of the moon. I have but little faith in those lunar notions. Experience induces me to prefer from the 10th to the 20th of May for planting. All depends upon tillage, seed, soil, manure, and season. Good seed, light soil, well tilled and manured, and a reasonably moist season, never fails to produce a good crop. By good seed, I mean large, round, handsome potatoes, judiciously divided or cut, so as not to leave more than two or three eyes in each piece; those to be planted about eight or nine inches apart: with respect to manure, twenty or twenty-five cart loads of dung, fresh from the stable or shed, and thirty bushels of lime per acre, carefully spread. The potatoes should be dropped in every second or third furrow, that, as respects the width or narrowness of the plough. If the dung is long and strawey, it should be raked into the furrows where the potatoes are dropped. If the planting is under a fresh sod, the liming should be deferred until the tops are just coming through the ground, then harrow, and spread the lime, and then harrow again. When the potato tops are up four or five inches, they ought to be ploughed very shallow with a one horse plough, the share should be as sharp as a knife, so as to cut all the grass and weeds that may be springing up. I think a sod equal to a fallow, and some seasons much better. Last season I planted under the sod and in a fallow. The sod produced almost double the fallow crop. They were planted as near the same time as possible, and manured equally the same.

(To be continued.)

Variety.

BOYS.

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other. Even a child, that "plaything for an hour," tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations—at my neat suburban retreat at Shacklewell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labour of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accent of man's conversation. I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime. [London Mag.]

SCHOOLMASTERS.

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied, than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but *we* can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. *How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings*, my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men, whom I have educated, return after some years absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holyday is begged for the boys; the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart.—This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reprov'd him; but he did never *love* me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the scene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence."

"My wife too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say, "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster. When I courted her, when I married her—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—when I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her, she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not a woman's love perform? My house is managed with a propriety

and decorum, unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle *helpless* Anna!—When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys, she never appears other than the *master's wife*; and she looks up to me, as to the *boys' master*, to whom all show of fond affection would be highly improper and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this*—gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it? These kind of complaints are not often drawn from me. I am aware that I am a fortunate, I mean a prosperous man.”

[*London Mag.*]

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A housemaid in Upper Grosvenor street, who was inclined to take a draught of ale, after the family had retired to bed, glided silently into the cellar without a candle. As she was feeling about for the cask, the situation of which was not unknown to her, she put her hand upon something which she immediately perceived to be the head of a man. The girl, with an uncommon share of fortitude and good sense, forbore to cry out; but said in a tone of impatience, “Deuce take Betty, she is always putting the *mops* in the way.” She then went on to the cask, quietly drew her beer, retired from the cellar, fastened the door, and alarmed the house. The man was taken, tried, and convicted; and declared, before he quitted the court, that the maid was entirely indebted to her presence of mind for her life, for had she cried out, he *must* instantly have murdered her: but as he firmly believed she mistook his head for a mop, particularly as she had drawn the beer after she had felt it, he let her go away without injury, not apprehending that she could have given information of any one being in the cellar.

THE ART OF CUTTING—NOT ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL.

The duke of Bridgewater was a very shy man, and much disliked general society: and was either denied to morning visitors, or contrived to slip out of the way when any one called on him. The clergyman of his parish, Mr. Kenyon, who had some particular business with him, respecting the tithe of the parish, had often tried to gain admittance to him, but in vain, being always told that his Grace was very busy, or was not at home. Determined, however, to have an interview with him, Mr. K. called at a very early hour in the morning, thinking he should be certain, by this plan, of finding the Duke at home. But still he was disappointed, the servant giving the customary answer, that his Grace was gone out. Mr. Kenyon, fully assured that this was not the case, and steady to his point, loitered about the house, that he might catch its noble owner when he quitted it. In a short time he perceived his Grace slip out of a back door. Mr. K. did not show himself, lest the Duke seeing him might slip in again, but kept his eye upon him, till he saw him cross a field, and take the way to his navigation. He then walked hastily after the object of his pursuit; but not being able to conceal himself, was soon discovered by the Duke. His Grace, perceiving that he must be overtaken, instantly took to his heels: Mr. Kenyon did the same. They both ran stoutly for some time, till the Duke seeing he had the worse of the

course, turned aside, and jumped into a saw-pit. He was followed in a trice, into his place of refuge, by his pursuer, who immediately exclaimed, "Now, my Lord Duke, I have you." His Grace burst into a fit of laughter, and the business of the tithe was quickly and amicably settled.

GEORGE II.

The king did not like either the principles or measures of Pitt and Temple. So little was he satisfied with the language put into his mouth at the opening of the session, that hearing of a printer who was to be punished for publishing a spurious speech from the throne, he expressed his hope that the man's sentence would be mild, because he had read both, and so far as he could understand either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than the real one.

FOX AND GEORGE III.

When Fox was in the ministry during the American war, and a plenipotentiary had been appointed to the American states, Fox asked the K—g, if it would be *agreeable* to him to receive an American minister in return. His M——y made a just and proper answer, specifically adapted to the unfortunate situation of public affairs. "Mr. Fox, the *phrase* of your question rather surprises me. It cannot be *agreeable* to me; but I can, and I do, *agree* to it." Fox himself related this anecdote to the late David Hartley, acknowledging, that his own phrase *agreeable* was indeed unsuitable and inconsiderate; but that his M——y's answer was manly, frank, and noble.

MAKING THE MOST OF A GOOD THING.

When the baggage of lady Hamilton was landed at Palermo, lord Nelson's cockswain was very active in conveying it to the ambassador's hotel. Lady Hamilton observed this, and presenting the man with a moidore, said, "Now, my friend, what will you have to drink?" "Why, *please your honour*," said the cockswain, "I am not thirsty." "But," said her ladyship, "Nelson's steersman must drink with me, so what will you take, a dram, a glass of grog, or a glass of punch?" "Why," said Jack, "as I am to drink with your ladyship's honour, it wouldn't be good manners to be backward, so I'll take the dram now, and will be drinking the glass of grog, while your ladyship is mixing the tumbler of punch for me."

INGENIOUS APOLOGY.

A French prince once sent an aid-de-camp to a painter, remarkable for his love of jokes and his idleness, commanding his presence. The officer went and brought the artist with him. A picture was given him to copy, and he took it away with him. It was a painting of a house. In a few days the officer went to the painter to see what progress he had made; and having returned, acquainted the prince that all was done but one chimney, on which the painter was then employed. Some days passed, and the picture was not returned. The prince resolved to go himself. He did so, and found the painter still at the unfinished chimney. "Why, how is this," said he, "all this time employed at one chimney?" "I have been obliged to do and undo it several times!" "For what reason?" said the prince. "I found," rejoined the artist, "that it smoked." The prince laughed heartily, and took his leave.

A singular custom prevails in Shropshire which is, we believe peculiar to that country. As soon as the first cuckoo has been heard, all the labouring classes leave work, if in the middle of the day, and the time is devoted to mirth and jollity, over what is called the cuckoo ale.

Two suitors in chancery, being reconciled to each other after a very tedious and expensive suit, applied to an artist to paint a device in commemoration of their returning amity and peace. The artist accordingly painted one of them in his shirt, and the other stark naked.

"I never judge from manners," says Lord Byron, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest men I ever saw was Ali Pacha."

We have been favoured with a view of a small piece of the keel of the sloop *Lark*, formerly of Newport, Delaware, which is completely petrified, and so hard that a common edged tool will make but little impression on it.

The sloop was built at Newport, in this state, for James Latimer, esq. in the year 1757, and was employed as a river craft, until the year 1814, when she was put into the coasting and West India trade, in which she was employed about 3 years, when she was wrecked near Neuvas, in the Island of Cuba. The piece which we have seen is now in the hands of Capt. Geddes, to whom it was presented by the captain of a vessel, who assured him that he had himself taken it from the keel of the wreck. This keel was made of hickory and there cannot be a doubt respecting the truth of the statement, as the piece itself bears evidence of its being petrified wood.

[*Del. Gaz.*

Several fields of oats along the banks of the Clyde are stated to have been almost wholly destroyed by small white snails.

The births in Paris last year amounted to 24,858, of which 8870 were natural children. Of the deaths, in number 24,211, 140 men and 50 women have been unowned suicides.

Poetry.

FOR THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

RETROSPECTION.

By William B. Tappan.

'Tis sweet in seclusion to look on the past,
In life's sober twilight recal the day-dream;
To mark the smooth sunshine, and skies overcast,
That chequer'd our course as we mov'd down the stream.

For, O! there's a charm in retracing the morn
When the star of our pleasure beam'd brightly awhile;
And the tear that in infancy watered the thorn,
By the magic of mem'ry is changed to a smile.

How faint is the touch, no perspective bestowing,
Nor scenery in Nature's true colours array'd;
How chaste is the landscape, how vividly glowing,
Where the warm tint of fancy is mellowed by shade.

With cheerfulness then, RETROSPECTION! I'll greet thee,
Though the nightshade be twin'd in thy bouquet of sweets,
In the eve of reflection this bosom will meet thee,
While to the dear vision of childhood it beats.

And the heart that in confidence seeks its review,
And finds the calm impress of innocence there,
With rapture anticipates happiness new,
In hope yet to come, it possesses a share.

If in worlds beatific, affections unite,
And those once dissever'd, are blended in love:
If dreams of the past quicken present delight,
Retrospection adds bliss to the spotless above!

THE EVENING HOUR.

'Tis evening hour, and memory wakes,
To many a past, delightful dream;
'Tis evening hour, and fancy takes
Some fond, some favourite theme.

She leads along the pensive mind,
To baby scenes of earlier years,
And loves to cast a look behind,
On youthful "hopes and fears."

The few we loved—and live to mourn—
Whose honoured shades come stealing on;
Some dearer tie—which death hath torn—
Some loved—some loving one!

Ah! I could bear with thee to pore,
Were dearest joys from sorrow parted;
Yet now to dwell on days no more,
Makes me but broken hearted!

VERSES ATTRIBUTED TO MRS. HANNAH MORE.

Addressed to a Friend, who requested her to write a Poem.

<i>I write in verse? how hard to ask!</i>	In heaven thy Synans thou shalt meet
Expect to ask in vain,	From earth's remotest sea,
A hand unequal to the task—	And lay thy trophies at His feet.
A hand oppress'd with pain.	Who died for them and thee.
I lov'd, indeed, the Muse when young,	Fell Juggernaut ere long shall weep
And faintly touch'd the lyre;	His altars overthrown,
But long that lyre has been unstrung,—	With Chemosh, Baal, and Moloch, sleep,
Extinct the youthful fire.	Forgotten and unknown—
Yet dwell I oft on scenes long past,	His orgies foul shall vanish all,
Scenes the fond heart retains;	His impious rites be o'er,
Those tender recollections last,	With prostrate Dagon, see him fall—
Of mingled joys and pains.	He falls to rise no more.
For memory still delights to trace,	The one great sacrifice once paid,
Friends lov'd so long, so dear,	No offering Heaven demands,
Adorn'd with talent, virtue, grace—	But prayer by contrite spirits made,
Such friends may claim a tear.	Pure hearts and holy hands.
Though sense, though worth, no plea	If angels in the spheres rejoice,
could find	One rescued soul to greet,
Their perfect lives to save,	How will they raise the enraptur'd voice,
Yet still those talents bless mankind,—	Whole continents to meet!
That worth survives the grave.	Siberia spreads her frozen arms
Then turn we from the fatal past;	Releas'd from sin and chains,
The future fills the sight,	And Sharon's rose exhales its charms
What glorious scenes! what prospects vast!	On Afric's burning plains.
What visions of delight!	And He, sad Afric's bonds who broke,
Prophets and kings have wish'd to see	Now Hayti! sets them free,
The scenes which crowding rise,	Relieves them from the iron yoke
And faith and hope are almost lost	Of mental slavery.
In actual ecstasies!	His skill the surest means imparts
Yes! we behold the Eastern star	To make a people great,
With growing splendours rise,	With letters, laws, and liberal arts,
And rays celestial beaming far,	He forms thy infant state.
To cheer ev'n polar skies.	Yet still with nobler things than these
From Java to the furthest west,	He aids thy favoured nation,
Th' eternal word shall reach,	He pants to see thy bulwarks, <i>praise,</i>
And truth divine its power attest	Thy walls and gates, <i>salvation.</i>
In every clime and speech.	
Shade of Buchanan, rest in peace!	Thus have I toil'd four pages through,
Thy holy toils are o'er,	A weak and weary wight!
But their fair fruits, with swift increase,	To prove to both myself and you,
Shall spread from shore to shore.	I have forgot to write.